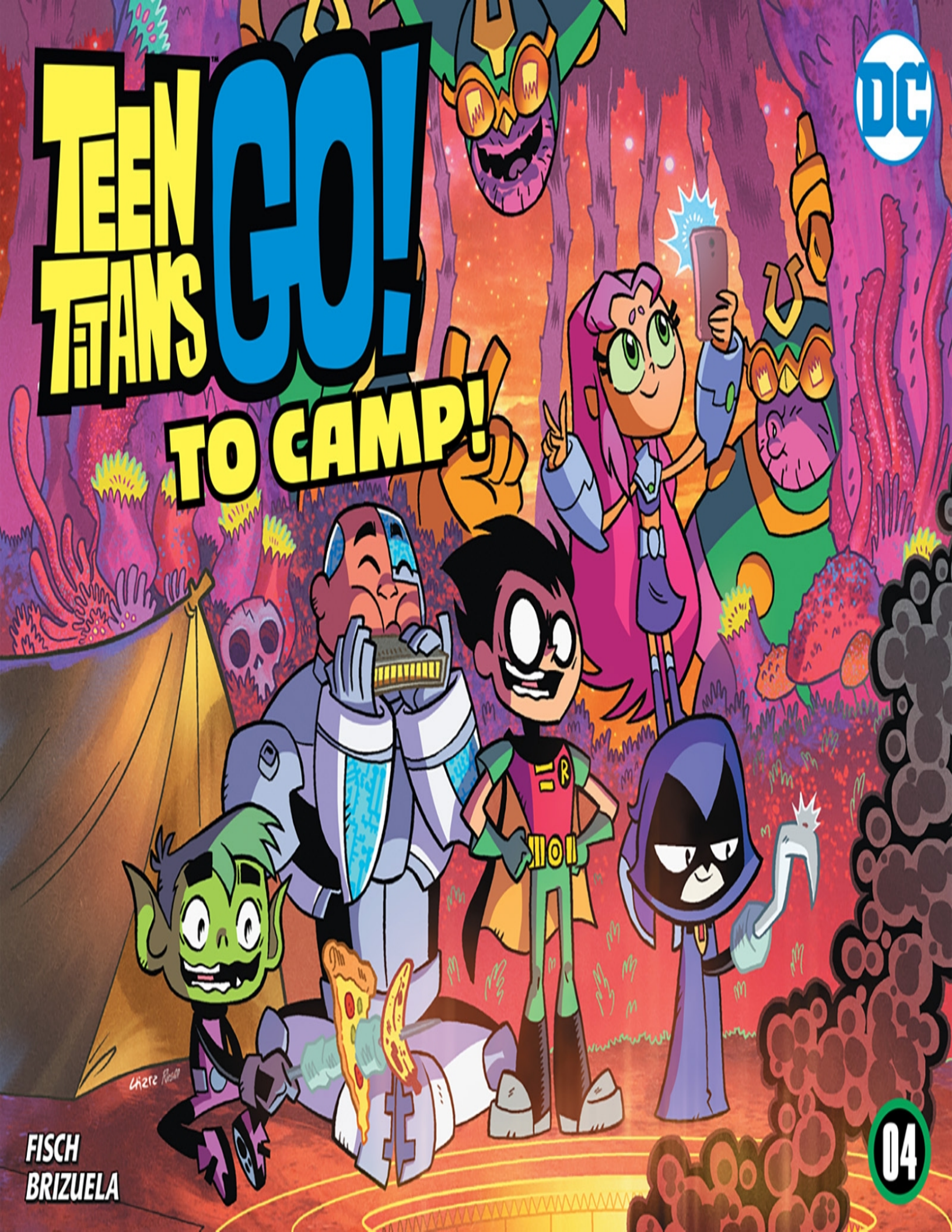
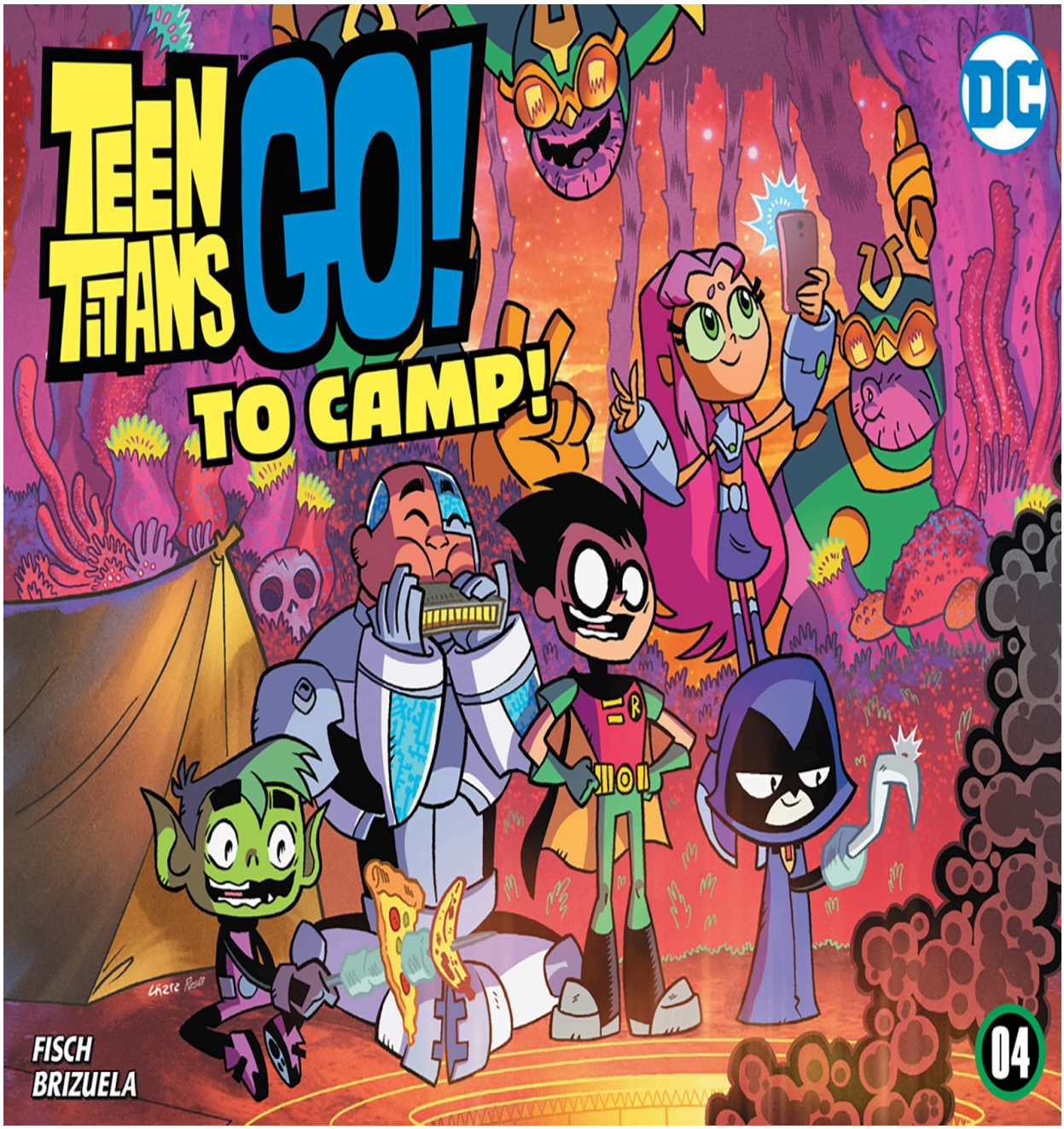
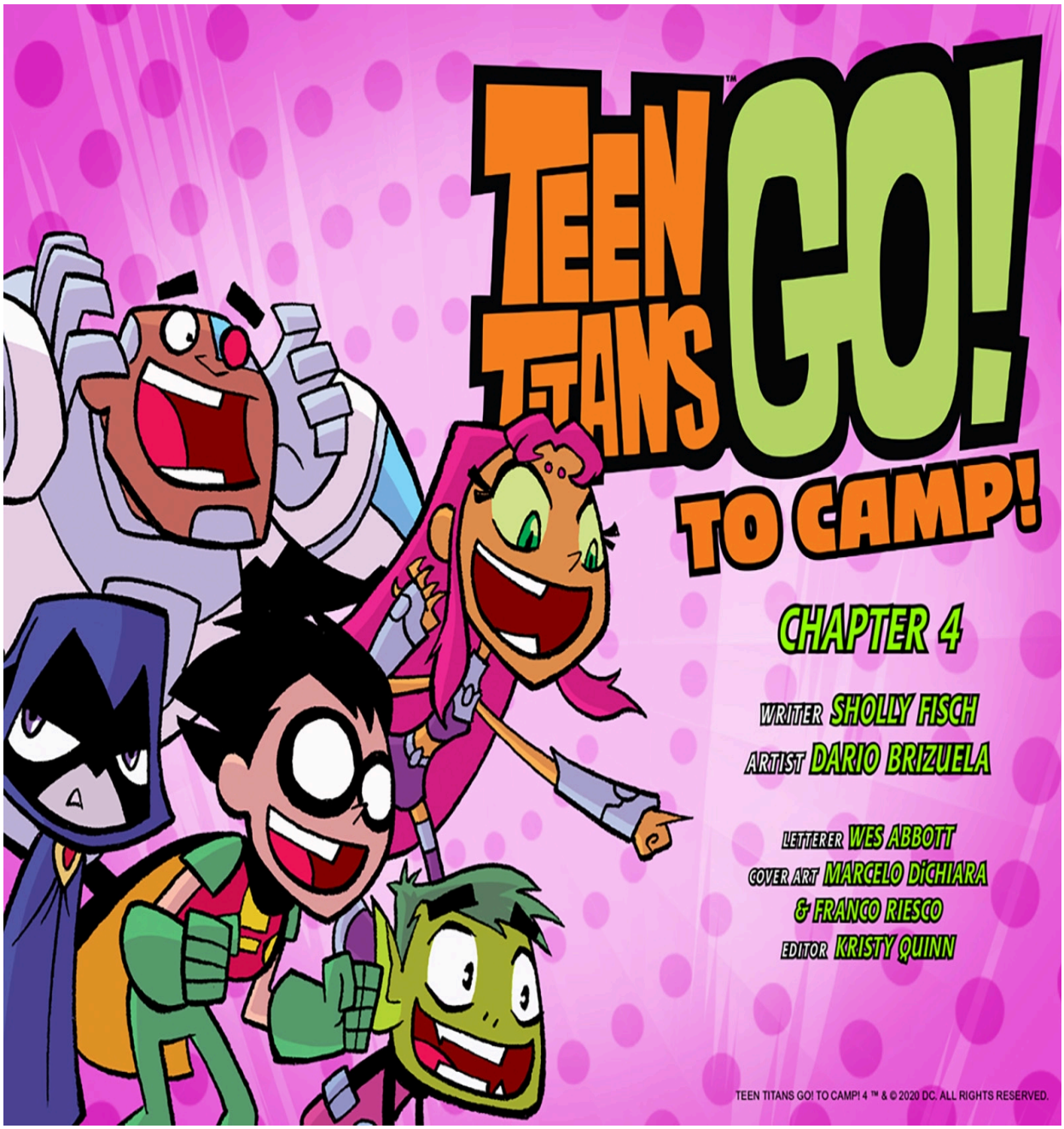

TEEN TITANS GO!
TO CAMP!
DC
FISCH
BRIZUELA
04


TEEN TITANS GO!
TO CAMP!
DC
FISCH
BRIZUELA
04

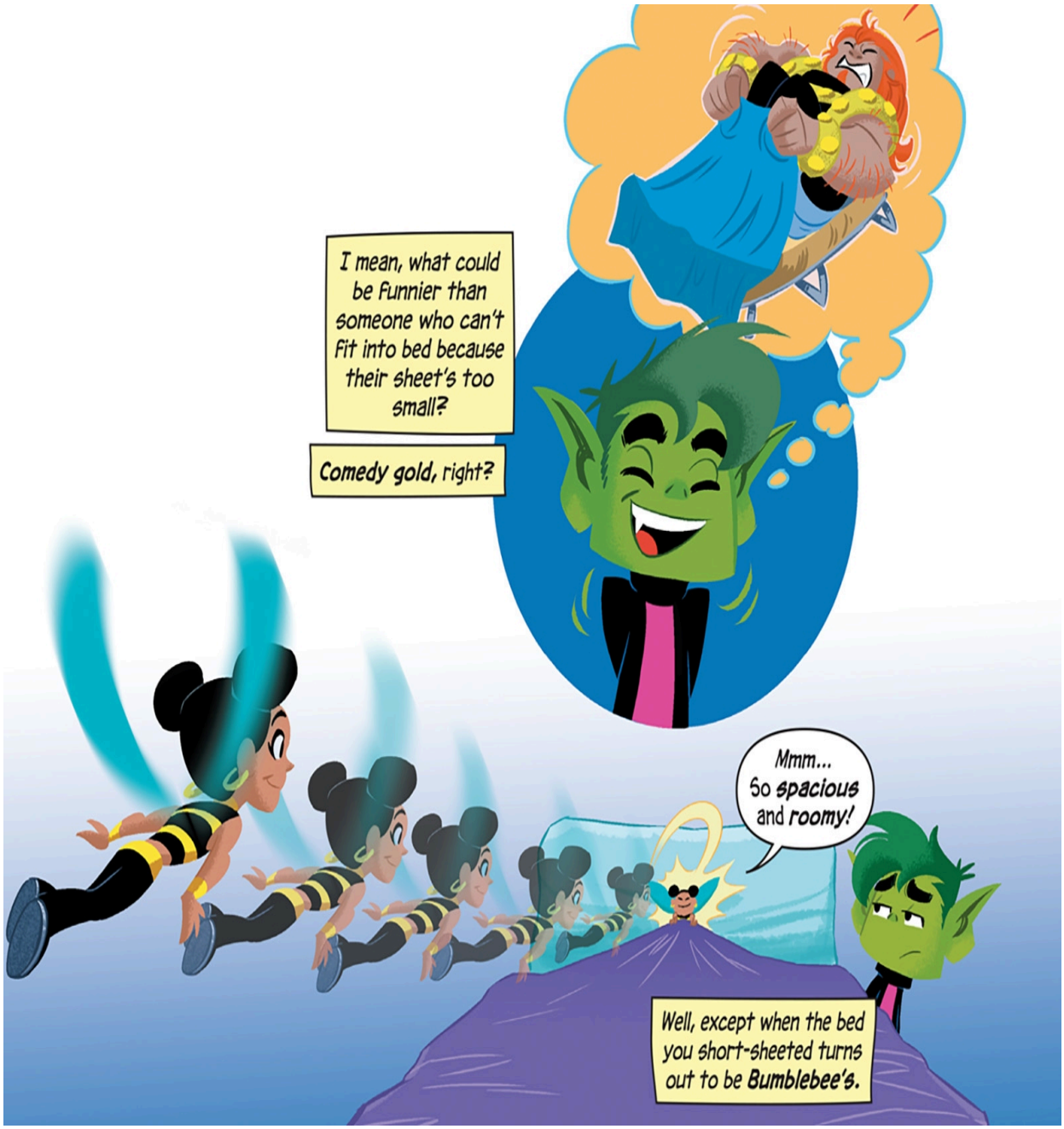


TEEN TITANS GO! TO CAMP! 4 ™ & © 2020 DC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

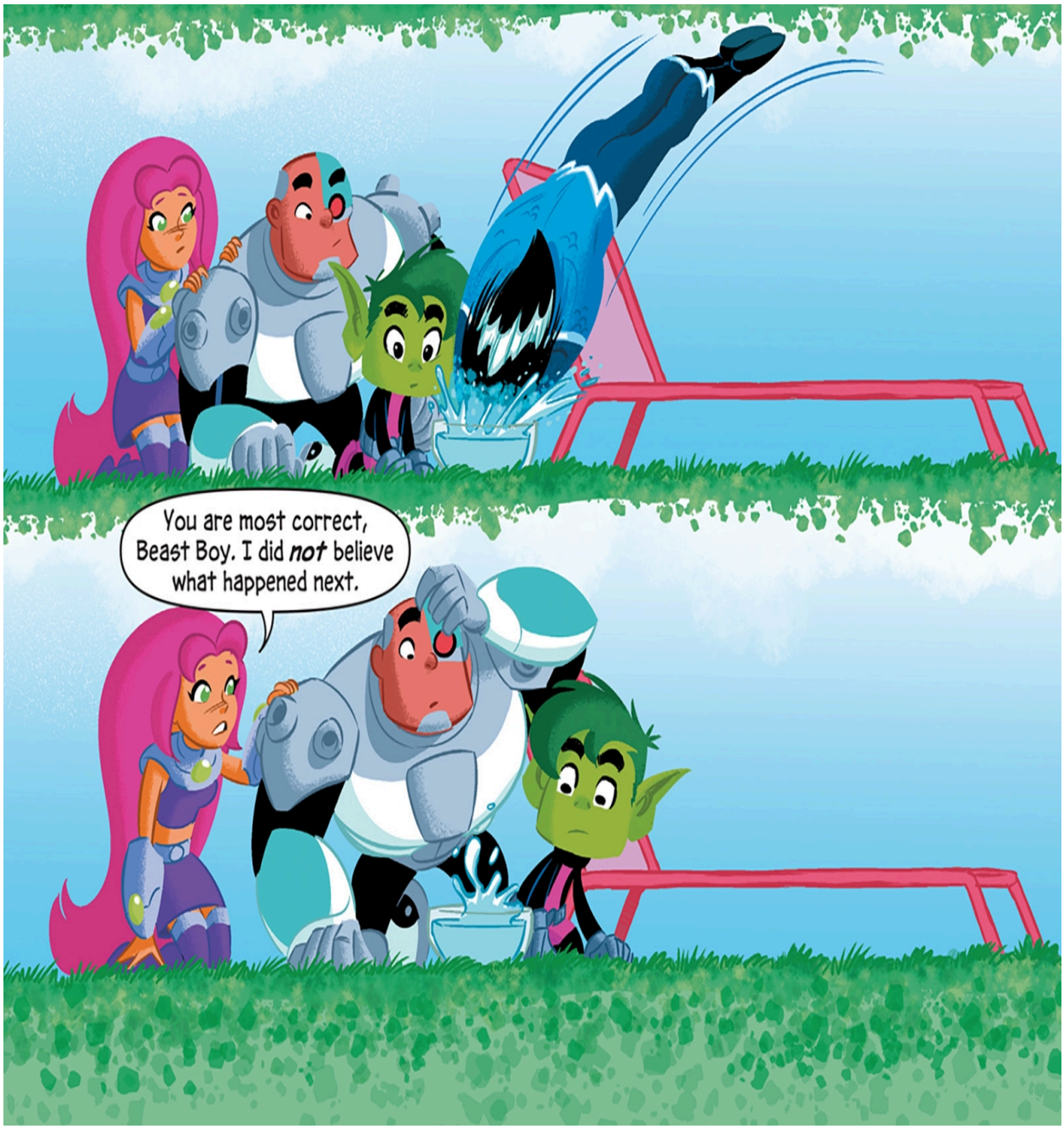
A letter from camp!
Forward, my DOOM PATROL! We must defeat the Brotherhood of Evil, or the world will be destro–

Letter for Rita Farr?
That's me!
What is it, fan mail from a stalker?
It's from my adoptive son, Beast Boy!
Like I said...
He wrote a letter from camp.
Did he ask about me?

Hi, Mom...
Here I am at camp—and it's gonna be awesome!
I mean, okay, the staff wouldn't know fun if it slapped them in the face with a rubber chicken. But, lucky for them, I'm here with a ton of hilarious practical jokes!
WHOOPEE CUSHION
ITCHING POWDER
WHOOPEE CUSHION
SNEEZING POWDER


I mean, what could be funnier than someone who can't fit into bed because their sheet's too small?
Comedy gold, right?
Mmm... So spacious and roomy!
Well, except when the bed you short-sheeted turns out to be Bumblebee's.

Why are we crawling on the ground?
Shh! Observe the master!
When somebody's napping, like Aqualad here, just hee hee dip their hand in water, and you won't believe what happens next!
But you know what they say—if your first prank falls flat, prank, prank again!


You are most correct, Beast Boy. I did *not* believe what happened next.

Okay, maybe we got off to a slow start. But then it was time to pull out the comedic big guns—*shaving cream!*
I call this little prank "Fun with Reflexes."
Step one: spray *shaving cream* in your sleeping victim's hand.
ZZZZZZ

Step two: tickle his nose.
Step thr—
CRACK!
ZZZZZZ
Step Four: call an ambulance.
Actually, I think I'm starting to reconsider this whole "camp pranks" thing.
Peace out, Garfield (Beast Boy)
ZZZZZZ

To be continued